

THE CAMELLIA.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

As Venus wander'd 'midst the Idalian bower,
 And mark'd the loves and graces round her play;
 She pluck'd a musk-rose from its dew-bent spray,
 "And this," she cried, "shall be my favourite flower;
 For o'er its crimson leaflets I will shower
 Dissolving sweets to steal the soul away;
 That Dian's self shall own their sovereign sway,
 And feel the influence of my mightier power."
 Then spoke fair Cynthia, as severe she smiled,—
 "Be others by thy amorous arts beguiled,
 Ne'er shall thy dangerous gifts these brows adorn:
 To me more dear than all their rich perfume
 The chaste Camellia's pure and spotless bloom,
 That boasts no fragrance, and conceals no thorn."

POETS.

How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
 Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?
 Hexameter's no sterling: and I fear
 What the brain coins goes scarce for current there.
 Can metre cancel bonds? is there a time
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?
 Or if I now were hurrying to a jail,
 Are the nine Muses held sufficient bail?
 Would they to any composition come,
 If we should mortgage our Elysium,
 Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
 Of Tagus and Pactolus, those rich dreams
 Of active fancy?

RANDOLPH.

THE HARP OF LOVE.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

THE harp of love, when first I heard
 Its song beneath the moonlight tree,
 Was echoed by his plighted word,
 And oh! how dear its song to me!
 But wailed the hour will ever be
 When to the air the bugle gave,
 To hush love's gentle minstrelsy,
 The wild war music of the brave.

For he hath heard its sounds, and now
 Its voice is sweeter than mine own,
 And he hath broke the plighted vow
 He breathed to me and love alone.
 That harp hath lost its wonted tone,
 No more its strings his fingers move,
 O! would that he had only known
 The music of the Harp of Love.

THE BRIDE.

LET the trim tapers burn exceeding brightly,
 And the white bed be decked as for a goddess,
 That must be pillow'd, like high Vesper, nightly
 On couch ethereal: be the curtains fleecy,
 Like Vesper's fairest, when calm night's are breezy—
 Transparent, parting—showing what they hide,
 Or strive to veil—by mystery deified:
 The floor gold-carpet, that her zone and bodice
 May lie in honour where they gently fall,
 Slow-loosened from her form symmetrical—
 Like mist from sunlight!—burn, sweet odours, burn!
 For incense at the altar of her pleasure:
 Let music breathe with a voluptuous measure—
 And witchcrafts trance her wheresoe'er she turn!

T. W.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. ELEANOR DICKINSON.

HAST thou gazed on the sky, when it shone,
 All radiant with splendour and light,
 And paused, till its glories were gone,
 To contemplate the beautiful sight?

Then did not a mournful emotion
 Steal silently into thy breast,
 As the blue mist glides over the ocean,
 When evening has shadowed its rest?

Though it darkened thy spirit the while,
 Yet did it not whisper of heaven,
 And seem from false joys to beguile,
 With the chastened delight it had given?

Like that sky in its beauty arrayed,
 Are the sweet, glowing visions of youth;
 But as soon do the fugitives fade,
 When beheld through the mirror of truth?

Like that sky in its glories so fading,
 Are the hopes which we build upon earth;
 Their light disappointment is shading,
 Ere possession has smiled on their birth.

Oh then! like that feeling divine,
 Which breathes of devotion and love,
 May religion descending refine
 Our souls for the mansions above.

SYMPATHY.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
 While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
 A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
 And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
 "O never was maid so deserted before!"
 "From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
 And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed—
 But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
 "How tiresome it is!" said the fair, with a sigh;
 So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
 How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
 "One mournful embrace!" sobbed the youth, "ere we die!"
 So kissing and crying kept company.

"O had I but loved such an angel as you!"
 "O had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
 "To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
 Sure now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
 "The weather is cold for a watery bier;
 When summer returns we may easily die—
 Till then let us sorrow in company."

For the Lady's Book.
A BALLAD.

Oh bear me lady o'er the stream:
My anxious love will chide;
For I have many a weary mile
Before the night to ride.

Rough rolls the wave, my boat is frail,
The rushing winds are high,
And swiftly scud the thick dark clouds
Across the troubled sky.

A bolder hand than mine must guide
My bark o'er such a tide;
Then warrior rest—to-morrow I
Will bear thee to thy bride.

Let the bleak blast roar as it may—
The raging torrent rave—
If frail thy bark, my gallant steed
Must dare the angry wave.

The priest beside the altar stands,
The wedding guests are met,
My Ada's pale and trembling cheeks
With anxious tears are wet.

Then come—thy task the boat to row—
Be mine the helm to guide—
Thy charger's free and lightsome foot
Perchance may stem the tide.

Loud roar'd the winds, the lightning flash'd,
The pattering rain fell fast,
But safely o'er the rapid stream
The little bark has past.

Thanks lady, thanks, the warrior said,
Wilt come my bride to see?
Quick, mount, my steed is strong and fleet—
Dost fear to ride with me?

Thou wilt not—then farewell, kind maid,
I may not—must not wait;
Love calls—night's shadows gather round
Already I'm too late.

The lady smil'd a ghastly smile—
"So soon then must we part?"
She pluck'd a dagger from her zone,
And plung'd it in his heart.

And know'st thou not this hand, she cried,
This hand, oft clasp'd in thine,
Didst think revenge could cease to burn
Within a breast like mine.

No hated rival e'er shall press
Those lips I oft have prest;
No scornful dame shall find repose
Upon that faithless breast.

Too late the dying Edmund knew
The face he once thought fair;
He breathed one sigh to Ada lost,
To heaven one ardent prayer.

And thou forgive, too cruel maid,
Thy many wrongs, he cried;
Then on the damp and pebbly shore
He laid him down, and died.

And now the rash, revengeful maid,
Is wild and frantic grown;
The steel she dyed in Edmund's blood,
Streams purple with her own.

From yonder tower, who gazes forth
With anxious, tearful eye?
Needless of every bitter blast
That rudely rushes by.

'Tis Ada, who has waited long,
In sadness and in fear;
Who watches on the turret's top
Her Edmund's horn to hear.

Why tarries he, the much loved one—
Why linger thus his feet?
Long past the promised hour when we
The wedding guests should meet.

But hark, along the howling storm
The sound of hoofs is borne;
Quick, warder—let the drawbridge fall
And blow your joyful horn.

He comes—I see his gallant grey—
How swiftly love can ride;
My tongue can nought but welcome speak,
My tongue that fain would chide.

Soon shall I see those eyes again,
Where love and valour shine;
Soon shall these fond and longing arms
That noble form entwine.

Swift flies the steed, the long lank grass
Scarce bends beneath his tread;
But he, whose hand once held the rein,
Now slumbers with the dead.

Right onward speeds the foaming barb,
As lightning's flashes fleet,
Till struggling in the pangs of death,
He falls at Ada's feet.

She saw—she knew—in one wild shriek
Exhales her dying breath—
Then, like a stricken dove, she fell,
Pierced by the dart of Death.

MORAL.

Now warning take, ye faithful swains,
Who wish to cross a stream,
And never trust a *ferry-boat*,
When you can go by *steam*.

And ye, ye love-sick maidens, who
On turrets play the scout;
Take heed, lest ye should giddy grow,
And tumble headlong out.

I..

TIME.

DARK-DEALING power around thy way
The wrecks of human grandeur lay;
Oblivion's waters cold and black,
Roll onward in thy gloomy track,
And darkly hide from mortal ken
The traces where thy curse hath been.

The proudest things that earth has known,
The gorgeous splendour of a throne,
The crest and kingly diadem—
The peerless arm hath scatter'd them;
And power that shook the world with dread,
Lies crush'd beneath thy mighty tread.

Successive years around thee flow,
Yet leave no traces on thy brow,
Revealing and destroying all,
As firmly now, thy footsteps fall,
As when at first thy course was given,
And thy dread limits mark'd by heaven.

Mysterious power! still deep and strong
Thy tide of years shall roll along;
The sun shall leave his home on high;
The moon and stars of heaven shall die;
But thou shalt be the last to fall,
The conqueror and the end of all.

For the Lady's Book.

THE COLUMBIAN HARP.

WAKE! sweet harp of the wild-wood shade!
Shake the green moss from thy golden string;
The Dryads are dancing in every glade,
And fairies drinking at every spring!

Long, 'neath the arches of living green,
Mute and unhonour'd thy chord has slept;
While the winds of summer have breath'd in vain,
Nor wak'd a tone as across they swept!

A world is round thee as yet unsung,
And Echo waits in her thousand caves,
To send the glad anthem her hills among,
O'er laughing vallies and dancing waves.

Wake! though no Baron shall list to thee,
'Mid the sculptur'd pride of his ancient hall;
Wake thy song for the bold and free,
O'er the battle's tide like a trumpet call.

Tell to the list'ning world, that here
Spreads the broad realm of the brave and good;
Lasting as heaven's effulgent sphere—
Gen'rous and free as the rolling flood.

Then plaintively murmur a gentler strain,
Four on the Zephyr thy note of woe,
Till Beauty shall echo the sigh again,
And the tear of Pity brim o'er to flow.

When, on their own pure battle ground,
Thy sons shall muster with gleaming steel;
Raise to the heavens thy lofty sound—
Shake the firm earth with thy martial peal.

Wake the loud echoes of ev'ry vale—
Call the free from their mountain-home—
From rock, from glen, and from lowly dale—
From their forest-lair by the torrent's foam!

But where the last freeman sinks in death,
And dying drops on the bloody plain;
Blend thy last wail with his parting breath,
And wake not a note, my harp, again!

WONDERS AND MURMURS.

BY S. C. HALL.

I.

STRANGE, that the wind should be left so free,
To play with a flower, or tear a tree;
To rage or ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still:
Above and around, to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and the sky in strife;
Gentle to whisper, with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend, ere night;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless, to-day,
What to-morrow it ruthless rends away!

II.

Strange, that the Sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
While they cheer the soul, and gladden the eye:
At morn, its child is the pride of spring—
At night, a shrivelled and loathsome thing!
To-day, there is hope and life in its breath,
To-morrow, it shrinks to a useless death;
Strange does it seem that the sun should joy
To give life alone that it may destroy!

III.

Strange, that the Ocean should come and go,
With its dally and nightly ebb and flow,—
To bear on its placid breast at morn,
The bark that, ere night, will be tempest torn;
Or cherish it all the way it must roam,
To leave it a wreck within sight of home;
To smile, as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to his cottage door;
And gently ripple along the strand,
To watch the widow, behold him land!

IV.

But, stranger than all, that Man should die
When his plans are formed, and his hopes are high!
He walks forth a lord of the earth, to-day,
And the morrow behold him a part of its clay!
He is born in sorrow, and cradled in pain,
And from youth to age—it is labour in vain;
And all that seventy years can show,
Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.

SONG.

BY MISS JEWELL.

SHE'S on my heart, she's in my thoughts,
At midnight, morn, and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round,
But oh, the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound!

I care not if a thousand hear
When other maids I praise;
I would not have my brother by,
When upon her I gaze.

The dew were from the lily gone,
The gold had lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine!

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY HOLLINGS.

DEEP close the shades around us; and the wind,
Which sweeps the rustling thicket, bends to sight,
With fairy leaf and branches wet with dew,
The slender Celandine: thus Jealousy
Dwells in unutter'd bitterness apart,
And feeds its griefs with silence. Pale below,
The meek Anemone, with virgin grace,
The nurture and the victim of a day,
Tells of a love which blossoms but to fade,
Nipt in its playful infancy. Above,
Circling with blushing wreaths the blighted oak,
The Woodbine drops its odours on the breeze:
So doth Affection gather strength from time,
Constant where once its plighted vows are fix'd,
And smiles from age and sorrow:—while that light
And yellow Broom may duly emblem Youth,
Rejoicing in its comeliness, and fraught
With hopes which after-storms shall strew in air.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY W. L. ALEXANDER, ESQ.

'Tis sweet to muse, as o'er the gladden'd sea
 The orient sun his youthful radiance flings,
 On those fair scenes which Hope to Fancy brings,
 And dream of joys and pleasures yet to be.
 But oh! 'tis sweeter far when Memory,
 At dewy eve, with ling'ring eye looks back
 O'er the bright spots of that familiar track,
 Which erst we trod with careless steps and free.
 There the fond heart o'er ancient visions plays;
 And friends, once deeply loved but long since gone,
 Meet us again; and scenes of other days
 Float o'er the mind like Music's dying tone,
 Leaving a peace that's less of earth than heaven,
 A holy calm like that to sainted spirits given.

PALMYRA.

BY NICHOLAS MITCHELL, ESQ.

DESOLATE city! who e'er gazed on thee,
 Nor call'd to mind thy glory in old time?
 When thy grass-mantled towers were in their prime,
 Sunk halls th' abodes of joy and revelry;
 When marble walks tripp'd Beauty lightly o'er,
 Where, smear'd with blood, prowls now the hyena grim;
 When to the moon soft rose the virgin's hymn,
 Where now resounds the lion's dreadful roar:
 Faltering o'er statues, columns scatter'd wide,
 Mourning 'neath arches, through whose rents the rays
 Of stars fall drearily, the traveller strays.
 Be there a scene on earth to humble pride,
 Call forth the sigh, and prompt the pitying tear
 For fall of human grandeur—it is here!

A BALLAD.

BY HOWITT.

I have look'd down on the ocean depths,
 Many thousand fathoms low,
 And seen, like woods of mighty oak,
 The trees of coral grow:
 The red, the green, and the beautiful
 Pale-branch'd like the chrysolite,
 Which amid the sun-lit waters, spread
 Their flowers intensely bright.
 Some, they were like the lily of June,
 Or the rose of Fairy land,
 Or as if some poet's glorious thought
 Had inspired a sculptor's hand!

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY THE LATE DOCTOR DRAKE.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
 Unfur'd her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there;
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then, from his mansion in the sun,
 She call'd her eagle bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest trumping loud,
 And see the lightning-lances driven,
 When stride the warriors of the storm,
 And roll the thunder-drum of heaven!
 Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given,
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbinger of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high!
 When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on,
 (Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimm'd the glist'ning bayonet)
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy meteor-glories burn;
 And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance!
 And when the cannon mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle's shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall,
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!
 There shall thy victor-glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
 When Death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly, round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broad-side's reeling rack,
 The dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,
 And smile, to see thy splendours fly
 In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,
 By angel hands to valour given!
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven!
 For ever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe, but falls before us!
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

CONTEMPLATION.

Ocean, the night is on thee, and the moon
 Sleeps, calmly sleeps, upon thy placid breast:
 'Tis pleasant at so sweet an hour to sit
 Alone by some gray ruin, whose sole crest
 Is the green ivy: garland not unfit
 To grace its brow of beauty; for, although
 'Tis seared by time and tempest, still it seems
 Not all devoid of beauty, as the beams
 Of the pale moon its rifted arches show:
 E'en such a ruin is my desolate heart,
 And the fond thoughts of many a by-gone day,
 Still fresh its ivy garland, loth to part,
 Yet scarcely finding nurture, thus decay,
 Yielding to grief the hopes of Life's bright noon.



THE REALMS OF AIR.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

THE realms on high—the boundless halls, where sports the
 wing of light,
 And Morn sends forth her radiant guest unutterably bright,
 And evening rears her gorgeous piles amidst the purple ray,
 How glorious in their far extent, and ever fair are they!
 The dark autumnal firmament, the low cloud sweeping by,
 The unimaginable depth of summer's liquid sky—
 Who hath not felt in these a power, enduring, undefined—
 A freshness to the fevered brow, a solace to the mind?
 But most when, robed in nun-like garb, with sober pace and
 still,
 The dun night settles mournfully on wood and fading hill;
 And glancing through its misty veil, o'er ocean's depths afar,
 Shines here and there, with fitful beams, a solitary star.
 Then wearied sense and soul alike receive a nobler birth,
 Then flies the kindling spirits forth beyond the thrall of earth;
 While lasts that soft and tranquil hour, to thought's high
 impulse given,
 A chartered habitant of space—a denizen of heaven!
 Then, seen in those eternal depths, the forms of vanished days
 Come dimly from their far abodes to meet the mourner's gaze;
 And they the fondly cherished ones, and they the loved in
 vain,
 Smile tranquilly, as erst they smiled, restored and hailed again.
 And words which, breathed in long-past years, the ear re-
 members yet,
 And sounds whose low endearing tone the heart shall not
 forget;
 The parent speech, the friendly voice, the whispered vow,
 are there,
 And fill with gentle melody the shadowy Realms of Air.

SERENADE.

"Star-light was meant for lovers."—L. E. L.

WAKE, love, wake,
 The stars are bright;
 And on the lake,
 Is silver light;
 Wake, love, wake!—'tis just the hour,
 When cares are hush'd to rest;
 Leave sorrow's withering power,
 On the couch that thou hast prest;
 Come with me,
 To our lonely bower;
 Come with me,
 'Tis Love's own hour!
 Wake, love, wake!
 No envious eye,
 Our meeting bliss,
 Shall now desecry:
 Wake, love, wake!—'tis bliss to roam,
 Beneath the starry skies,
 And leave behind, afflictions home,
 Where only sorrow lies;
 Come with me
 To the bower we twined,
 When heart with heart,
 Were first combined.
 Wake, love, wake!
 Affection's chain,
 Is round our hearts,
 And will remain:
 Wake, love!—no anguish shall sever the union,
 For such fond esteem never dies;
 With life our true spirits shall still hold communion,
 And then fly to rest in the skies!
 Then come with me
 To our lonely bower,
 Come, now with me,
 'Tis love's own hour!

ENRICO.

From the New York American.

AND THOU WERT FALSE!

AND thou wert false! so let it be!
 If o'er that shrine of beauty rare,
 There bends uncheck'd a stranger's knee;
 A stranger's heart may worship there!
 Thy wizard wreath is changing fast,
 As fades at eve the sunset sea;
 And Memory, when it views the past,
 Must skip the page that tells of thee!
 I little thought when o'er thy heart,
 My Spirit poised her raptur'd wings;
 And trembling tried, with guileless art,
 To wake the music of its strings;
 That every chord, where passion slept,
 An echo gave of heedless swell;
 That every string the Angel swept,
 Another's touch might wake as well;
 That, like the lyre, which hangs alone,
 Where summer winds are wont to play;
 'Twould yield to every breeze its tone,
 Which o'er its bosom chanc'd to stray!
 Forget'st thou, in that stilly bower,
 Which drooping myrtles whisper'd o'er,
 The pledge we gave of glowing power,
 In token of the vow we swore?
 When o'er thy yielding form I hung,
 And crav'd it for my spirit's shrine;
 And gather'd from thy trembling tongue,
 The low response that seal'd thee mine!
 And thou wert false!—so let it be!
 If o'er that shrine of beauty rare,
 There bend'st uncheck'd a stranger's knee—
 A stranger's heart may worship there!

West Point.

HARP OF THE ISLE.

THE MOON.

AN ICELANDIC SONG, LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

Daughter of loveliness,
Planet of peace,
The pure beams of glory await thy command;
The star of the evening
Is shining alone,
And Night with its raven wings covers the sky.

Daughter of loveliness,
Planet of peace,
Appear, and the darkness will vanish away;
Thus, the sweet face of beauty,
In the brilliance of virtue,
Dispels all the guilt and the gloom of the world.

QUAESITOR.

SONG.

BY LAURA PERCY.

I'll wreath, I'll wreath a lovely bower,
With blossoms of the spring;
And every bright and beauteous flower,
To gem the spot, I'll bring;
I'll bring, I'll bring the light guitar,
To strike upon the spot;
My melody shall sound afar,
Its lay—Forget me not!
My lady-love shall hear the notes,
That float upon the air;
And ere my lips may end the song,
She will, she will, be there.
And oh! her hallowed form divine,
Will sanctify the spot;
And as the floral wreath we twine,
We'll sing—Forget me not!

THE NORTH COUNTRY.

LOVEST thou those plains of sunny glow
Where roses linger, where myrtles blow?
Would'st thou slumber thy noon-tide in orange bowers,
'Mid the rainbow bloom of ten thousand flowers;
Where glancing rivers, still and deep,
Make summer music to lull thy sleep,
Where all things fair and fragrant be?
Go, seek them in laughing Italie.
But if Nature bind thee with mightier spell,
In her rugged empire of "flood and fell;"
If thy spirit answer in prouder tone
When it strives with the giant hills, alone;
If the torrents which down the mountains quiver,
Can move thee more than the sun-lit river;
Then, roam the earth from sea to sea,
But stay thy step in the North Country.

Would'st thou dwell where a heaven of changeless hue
Bends its fair arch of radiant blue;
Burning by day with golden light,
And lit with its myriad lamps by night?
Where the languid air, through the branches sighing,
Murmurs a soft farewell in dying?
Go, bare thy brow to the zephyrs bland,
Which fan the flowers in the sweet south land.
But, lovest thou better to mark on high
The spirit-shapes in a stormy sky?
Dost thou thrill with a rapture undefined
To the roaring song of the mountain wind?
Has the rustling tempest a mighty voice,
To bid thine inmost heart rejoice?
Then sweep the air with the wild-birds' fees,
But fold thy wings o'er the North Country.

Q. Q.

L

THE DEPARTED.

BY L. E. L.

SEE thy spur to the steed, thy sail to the wind,
You may leave the far vale and the mountain behind;
Like the storm o'er the south in the flight thou may'st be;
But where may'st thou fly from the mem'ry of me?

The struggle, the pleasure, the toil, and the strife,
May fill up the days with the hurry of life,
But night cometh lonely o'er land and o'er sea,
And in silence and shadow I still am with thee.

With no rose in my cheek, with no rose in my hair,
But cold as the love whose remembrance I bear,
Breathing vows that are broken, and hopes that are fled,
A voice breaks my slumber; the voice of the dead.

Let the loveliest slave lull thy sleep with her strain:
Ay, drain the red wine-cup—it all is in vain:
From the haunt of thy midnight I will not depart,
For thy guilt is my power: my home is thy heart.

TO THE SUNFLOWER.

PRIDE of the garden, the beauteous, the regal,
The crown'd with a diadem burning in gold;
Sultan of flowers, as the strong-pinion'd eagle
And lord of the forest their wide empire hold.

Let the Rose boast her fragrance, the soft gales perfuming,
The Tulp unfold all her fair hues to me—
Yet, though sweet be their perfume, their rainbow dyes
blooming,
I turn, noble Sunflow'r, with more love to thee.

There are some think thy stateliness haughty, disdain—
Thy heaven-seeking gaze has no charm for their eyes;
Tis because the pure spirit within thee that's reigning,
Exalts thee above the vain pleasures they prize.

Emblem of constancy, whilst he is beaming,
For whom is thy passion so steadfast, so true?
May we, who of faith and of love are aye dreaming,
Be taught to remember this lesson by you!

If on earth, like the Sunflower, our soul's best devotion
Shall turn to the source of Truth's far-beaming rays;
O, how blest, how triumphant, shall be our emotion,
When the bright "Sun of Righteousness" bursts on our
gaze!

J. R.

ENIGMA.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

COMPOUND of fierce and wild—of good and ill,
Drawn forth by man alike to save and kill,
Prompt in hot youth the fatal strife to wage,
Heraldic glories grace my honour'd age.
Through me usurping traitors reach the crown,
And heroes yield me gladly for renown.
Amidst the horrors of the battle-field,
When even Pity's female breast is steel'd,
Where thickest carnage strews the reeking plain,
I fly alike the dying and the slain.
From me soft beauty turns her loathing eye,
Though to her heart more dear than love am I.
Ungrateful beauty!—'tis to me she owes
The loveliest charm of all in which she glows.
Me to obtain stern Hate unsheaths the sword,
And Judas sold me with his injured Lord.
By me high Heaven reveal'd Behhazzar's doom,
And murder parts me from his victim's tomb.

HOPE AND LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

ONE day, through Fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of Pleasure:
All mirth and smiles I saw them go—
Each was the other's banker;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They pass'd by cot and tower;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower:
But what did those fond playmates care
For climate or for weather?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers:
'Fly on,' said Wisdom, with cold sneers;
'I teach my friends to doubt you';
'Come back,' said Age, with bitter tears,
'My heart is cold without you.'

When Poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the beldame's wrath
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters honey;
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated:
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A grey-beard joined them, Time by name;
And Love was nearly crazy,
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy:
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket;
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outtailed the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,
Before a grave they stopped at last,
Beneath a weeping willow:
The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging;
And from the thickets all around,
Sad nightingales were singing.

'I leave you here,' quoth father Time,
As hoarse as any raven;
And Love kneel'd down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven:
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave,
And whispered, 'Dearest brother,
We're parted on this side the grave—
We'll meet upon the other.'

PEARLS.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

WHY should I tell of the diamond's blaze?
Why should I sing of the sapphire's rays?
Ye are purer, and fairer, and dear to me—
Gems of the ocean, Pearls of the sea!

There are feelings of all that is sweet and mild,
Dreams that are pure as the dreams of a child;
Many an innocent holy thought,
By gazing on you, to my bosom brought.

I love to behold you, fairy Pearls!
When ye wreath around rich raven curls—
I love to see you when some neck,
Almost as white as yourself, ye deck.

I think, in looking on you, of the wave
That birth to your simple beauty gave;
I think of the rolling waters that sweep
Over your brethren of the deep;

And I think of the crimson coral cells,
Where first ye lay in your native shells;
And I dream of the nereid's fabled song
That floats those sparry halls among.

I remember the venturesome diver who first
Beheld you amidst the sea-weeds nurst,
And snatched you eagerly away,
To smile again at the smiling day.

And I think of the tranquil, tranquil sea,
When the stars were burning steadily,
As if they were looking the clear wave through,
To see if their glances could rest on you.

And there are better thoughts than these,
That rise when I see you, Pearls of the seas!
Ye are like pure spirits that dwell through life
Unharm'd amidst its care and strife.

And there's a hand that shall bear them away,
At last, to the light of a cloudless day,
And treasure them more than ocean gems,
And set them in heavenly diadems!

TEST OF TRUE LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

I sought for true and faithful Love,
Young Hope and Joy my footsteps guided,
And soon I reach'd a flowery grove,
Where two fair rival boys resided.
The one was laughing, playfully wild—
Smiles grazed his lips, bright wreaths entwined him;
The other—thoughtful, timid, mild—
Approached with look downcast behind him.

Hope on the first enraptur'd glanced;
Joy bent his knee in fond devotion;
When, lo! a pensive nymph advanced
With mournful brow and measured motion;
A cypress wand she waved on high—
She touched the boy—his roses vanish'd,
Tears quench'd the lustre of his eye,
And all his frolic wiles were banish'd.

I turn'd, and on his rival gazed;
Oh! with what charms my eyes were greeted!
While, as I stood entranced, amazed,
The nymph these warning words repeated:
"Passion the guise of Truth may wear—
The spells of Joy and Hope may borrow,
But faithful love alone can bear,
The sure unerring test of sorrow."

EARLY DEATH.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Quem Deus amat, moritur adolescens.

Is it be sad to mark the bow'd with age
Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,
Closing the changes of life's pilgrimage
In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom;
—Oh what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring
To the unfolding bud and scented rose,
Comes the pure freshness age can never bring—
The spirit joyous in its rich repose:
How shall we lay them in their final rest—
How pile the clods upon their wasting breast?

Life openeth brightly to their ardent gaze—
A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky,
O'er the broad world Hope's smile incessant plays,
And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye:
—How sad to break the vision, and to fold
Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould!

Yet this is Life! To mark, from day to day,
Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,
Pass, like the anthem of a breeze, away—
Sinking in waves of Death, ere chill'd by Time!
Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
Autumnal mildew o'er its rose-like red!

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye
Be dimly thoughtful in its lava tears,
But should with rapture gaze upon the sky
Through whose far depths the spirit's wing careers?
There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung,
Who fade from earth while yet their years are young!

MEMORY.

Come, Memory, come, let me ponder awhile,
Though the dream be too blissful to last;
For oh! 'tis so sweet a lorn hour to beguile—
To brighten the wreath of one's woe with a smile,
Newly culled from the joys that are past.

Those joys they are past, but they leave no regret,
In the fair mould of innocence cast;
And though the bright sun of their glory is set,
In life's dim horizon their memory yet
Sheds a beam on the days that are past.

They are gone—they are fled like the wild flash of light,
Ere the thunder howls grim through the waste;
But the traveller still on that pitiless night,
'Mid the tempest and storm's irresistible might,
Will remember the gleam that has past.

And still in life's wane, ere my care-stricken heart
Shall return to its long home at last,
Will Memory ever its pleasure impart,
By pointing, as Time's rapid moments depart,
To the joys of the days that are past.

J. S. C.

THE FALSE ONE.

BY T. H. BAILEY.

I KNEW him not, I sought him not—
He was my father's guest;
I gave him not one smile more kind
Than those I gave the rest:
He sat beside me at the board,
The choice was not my own,
But oh! I never heard a voice
With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met—
Again I was his choice—
Again I heard the gentle tone
Of that beguiling voice:
I sought him not—he led me forth
From all the fairest there,
And told me he had never seen
A face he thought so fair.

Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?
His praises made me vain;
And, when he left me, how I long'd
To hear that voice again!
I wonder'd why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charms,
And why the path was dull, unless
I leant upon his arm.

Alas! I might have guess'd the cause—
For what could make me shun
My parents' cheerful dwelling-place
To wander all alone?
And what could make me braid my hair,
And study to improve
The form that he had deign'd to praise—
What could it be but love?

Oh! little knew I of the world,
And less of man's career;
I thought each smile was kindly meant—
Each word of praise sincere:
His sweet voice spoke of endless love—
I listen'd and believed,
And little dreamt how oft before
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now—
And in the same sweet tone
He breathes to her those winning words
I once thought all my own:
Oh! why is she so beautiful?
I cannot blame his choice—
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice.

A POEM,

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

WHEN some fond boy, more blest than I,
 Shall twine fresh roses in thy hair,
 Tell him, the flowers his hand flings by,
 Once bloom'd as bright as his do there;
 And when, beneath this starry sky,
 He wakes the lute I used to fill,
 Oh! tell him that another's sigh
 Is warm upon its surface still.

And if, perchance, thy loved gazelle
 Should fly thy stranger's touch, and hide
 Its head within thy bosom's swell,
 And nestle there, in trembling pride—
 Oh! tell him there was one whose lip
 That dark-eyed thing so loved to kiss,
 That it had fondly learn'd to sip
 The dews from thine to water his.

And for the rest—when twilight's hour
 Shall see thee wandering on with him,
 Or in thine own acacia bower,
 Whose light, Love's own, is all so dim—
 Tell him there's not a flower below,
 And not a silent star above,
 And not a breeze that whispers so,
 That have not heard another's love.

HOPE.

BY DOCTOR DRAKE.

SEEK through the clouds that roll in wrath,
 Yon little star benignant, peep,
 To light along their trackless path
 The wanderers of the stormy deep.

And thus, oh! Hope, thy lively form
 In sorrow's gloomy night, shall be
 The star that looks through cloud and storm
 Upon a dark and moonless sea.

When heaven is all serene and fair,
 Full many a brighter gem we meet;
 'Tis when the tempest hovers there,
 Thy beam is most divinely sweet.

The rainbow, with the sun's decline,
 Like faithless friends, will disappear;
 Thy lights, dear star, more brightly shine,
 When all is wail and sorrow here.

And though Aurora's stealing gleam
 May wake a morning of delight,
 'Tis only thy enchanting beam
 Will smile amid affliction's night.

For the Lady's Book.

SERENADE.

LADY! sleep for thy lover's sake,
 Though Heaven is bright and the air is balm—
 The stars look down on the sleeping lake,
 For the wind is hush'd in a holy calm.

Sleep! and the visions of bliss attend,
 That visit the couch of the pure and fair—
 The sportive legions of Fancy lend
 Their soft enchantment to bless thee there.

Sleep! for the world has nought like this
 In the weary circuit of busy day—
 No joy like that of the dreamer's bliss,
 No light like the flashings of Fancy's ray.

Then sleep in safety, while stealing round,
 The soften'd note of my light guitar
 Shall charm thy slumber with gentle sound,
 Till Phœbus shall mount his golden car.

Sleep! till the fingers of rosy Morn
 Shall draw the curtains that veil the sun,
 'Till the young day from the skies be born—
 Then wake in beauty, my fairest one!

THE BIRD AND CHILD.

A LADY with an eye most mild,
 And lips as beautiful as closing flowers,
 Was the young mother of a child,
 Whose prattle made the pastime of her hours.

She in a cottage dwelt, whose thatch
 Was oft the perch of a melodious bird,
 Which seem'd that infant's glee to watch,
 And piped sweet songs whene'er its voice was heard.

Death touch'd the child, that it was dying,
 And by it its pale mother mourning lay;
 And the bird ever had been flying
 Around the thatch, but voiceless all the day.

And when the gentle infant died,
 Ere scarce the breath from its blue lip was gone,
 The bird thrill'd one brief song in pride—
 Flew far, and never to return was known.

The mother sorrow'd, and went mad—
 And often in her phrenzy thus would say:—
 "It is the bird that makes me sad,
 For with my sweet child's soul it flew away."

T. W.

FOLLOW ME!

A SUMMER morning, with its calm, glad light,
Was on the fallen castle: other days
Were here remembered vividly; the past
Was even as the present, nay, perhaps more—
For that we do not pause to think upon.
First, o'er the arching gateway was a shield,
The sculptured arms defaced, but visible
Was the bold motto, "Follow me!" again
I saw it scrolled around the lofty crest
Which, mouldering, decked the ruined banquet-room:
A third time did I trace these characters—
On the worn pavement of an ancient grave
Was written "Follow me!"

Follow me!—"tis to the battle-field—
No eye must turn, and no step must yield;
In the thick of the battle look ye to be:
On!—"tis my banner ye follow, and me.

Follow me!—"tis to the festal ring,
Where the maidens smile and the minstrels sing;
Hark! to our name is the bright wine poured:
Follow me on to the banquet-board!

Follow me!—"tis where the yew-tree bends,
When the strength and the pride of the victor ends;
Pale in the thick grass the wild flowers bloom:
Follow me on to the silent tomb!

A MOORISH ENCAMPMENT.

FROM AIRD'S "CAPTIVE OF FEZ."

It was a goodly sight
To see those tents beneath the setting light,
Encircling round with deep pavilioned pale,
A little hill in middle of the vale.
Fair trees, with golden sunlight in their tops,
In leafy tiers grew up its beauteous slopes.
Green was its open summit, and thereon
O'er battle plains the mighty captains shone;
West, through the vale, delicious lay unrolled
The lapse of rivers in their evening gold;
And far along their sun-illumined banks,
Broke the quick restless gleam of warlike ranks.
North, where the hills arose by soft degrees,
Stood stately warriors in the myrtle trees,
And fed their beauteous steeds. From east to south,
Armed files stood onward to the valley's mouth.
From out the tents, the while, and round the plain,
Bold music burst defiance to maintain,
And hope against the morrow's dawning hour;
Nor the gay camp belied th' inspiring power:
From white toothed tribes, that loitered on the grass,
Loud laughter burst—fierce jests were heard to pass;
Around the tents were poured the gorgeous throngs
Of nations, blent with shouts and warlike songs:
Nor ceased the din as o'er the encampment wide,
Fell softly dark that eve of summertime.

THE SWEETEST SPOT.

FROM THE FERMAN.

By the Author of "Anster Fair."

O! THOU, whose foot, erratic still,
And restless as thy wayward will,
From shore to steep, from vale to hill,
All round this glorious world has reel'd;
O! say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Each town of gold, each grove of green,
Which is the sweetest, happiest scene,
The richest town, the fairest field?

O lady, lady! that dear place,
Though poor of soil and scant in space,
Where she we love, the girl whose grace
Has with sweet bondage bless'd the breast—
That spot where she in pomp doth bide,
However mean, o'er all beside,
Empires of power and lands of pride,
Is sweetest, richest, fairest, best!

Wherever dwells the maid we prize,
Bright as the moon that walks the skies,
Her presence dost imparadise
The nook where she in light doth move;
Were it a sunless cavern drear,
To her bless'd lover 'twould appear
More rose-besrew'd, and bright and clear,
Than Eden rich with light and love.

O thou, my soul's beloved! with thee
The dragon's dungeon would to me
But as a bower of roses be,
All paved and glorified with bliss;
Heart-plund'rer! whom I love too well
With thee I joyously could dwell
Even in the bonds of mystic spell,
And from thy lips an Eden kiss!

THE WORM AND FLOWER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

You're spinning for my lady, worm!
Silk garments for the fair;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air,
When air is bright with sunbeams,
And morning tints arise,
From woody vales and mountain streams,
The blue autumnal skies.

You're training for my lady, flower!
You're opening for my love;
The glory of her summer bower,
While sky-larks soar above.
Go, twine her locks with rose buds,
Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs curl the water-floods,
And rocks the halcyon's nest.

But oh! there is another worm,
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form
In the dark sepulchre.
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
A flower as sweet as this;
Hard by, the nightingale shall sing,
Soft winds its petal kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye!
In beauty who would trust?
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consigned to worms and dust:
Yet, like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her spirit shall quit the clod,
And shine, in amaranthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of God.

For the Lady's Book.

REMEMBER ME!

AFAR, to woo in distant lands
The smiles that Fate denies me here,
I fly, and burst the silken bands
That absence will but more endear:
But though no more at ev'ning's close,
We sit beneath th' accustom'd tree,
To watch the twilight shut the rose—
At that calm hour—remember me!

And when the twilight dim is o'er,
And the bright moon rides high in heaven—
When, through the blue aerial floor,
Sparkle the silver lights of even—
Then, while the placid radiance beams,
On marble brow and snowy hand—
There, in the light of rosy dreams,
Let thine adorer's image stand.

And when again returning day,
Fraught with new bliss to thee and thine,
Wakes thee from visions bright and gay,
To bend at Heaven's eternal shrine—
There, while thy grateful thoughts arise,
And God, propitious smiles on thee—
Before the Great Supreme, all-wise,
In holy pray'r—remember me!

Thus would I live in ev'ry thought,
Blended with all of dear and bright—
Be near thee in each favour'd spot.
A thing of happiness and light!
Thus think of him who loves thee well—
Would the pale moon my page might be,
On her clear disc each hour would tell
How fondly I remember thee.

S.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

AWAY to the Alps!
For the hunters are there,
To rouse the chamois,
In the rock-vaulted lair;
From valley to mountain,
See! swiftly they go—
As the ball from the rifle—
The shaft from the bow.

No chasms, nor glaciers,
Their firmness dismay;
Undaunted they leap,
Like young leopards at play;
And the dash of the torrent
Sounds welcome and dear,
As the voice of the friend
To the wanderer's ear.

They reck not the music
Of hound or of horn—
The neigh of the courser,
The gladness of morn:
The blasts of the tempest
Their dark sinews brace;
And the wilder the danger,
The sweeter the chase.

With spirits as strong
As their footsteps are light,
On—onward they speed,
In the joy of their might:
Till eve gathers round them,
And silent and deep—
The white snow their pillow,
The wild hunters sleep.

For the Lady's Book.

THE CHARGE.

HARK! 'tis the bugle's pealing note,
Arm and to horse! to horse! ye brave—
While Freedom's banners o'er you float,
And on the breeze majestic wave.
Draw the keen sabre's mirror'd blade—
Flash in the sun the glitt'ring steel—
With hand and heart, and heav'n to aid,
Dash on the foe ye true and leal.
With spur to steed, and hope in heav'n—
With sabre gleaming high in air—
Your war-note to the wild wind giv'n,
From the loud bugle stern and clear—
On! on! ye brave—your swords are true—
Your cause is good, your courage high,
Charge! sacred Freedom strikes with you,
And Vict'ry watches from the sky.

S.

For the Lady's Book.

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Beautiful stream!
Thou comest from thy mountain home of snow,
And passest by grey rocks with silent flow,
Not yet awakened from the quiet dream
Thou had'st below
In caverns deep in earth!
And in low sounding founts, and gushing springs,
Where with unawakened mirth,
The water to all winds, a low peal rings,
Chanting its birth.
Then, thou dost leap
Away from borders of down-trailing grass,
And so far sounding, wide-awake, dost pass
Into dim caverns and great gullies deep;
Then thine a mass
Of mighty forests whirled,
Comest upon, and rollest thro' the plains
Like southern winds unfurled,
Or like the rushing noise of summer rains
On leaves, sun-curved.
With mighty gush,
Then comest thou upon the abundant sea;
High-tossing ocean throws, oh, stream! around thee
His foam-crowned myriads, with a whelming rush:
Thou shalt be
Unknown amid the waves,
Yet shalt thou rise beneath the full-eyed sun,
And, when the dim night leaves
The hill-peaks, shalt come lightly there, and run
Into the caves.
How much like life!
All peace, and joy, and dreams, at early days;
Then leaping into dark unhallowed ways,
Of care, and discontent, and wee, and strife,
Till, where the gaze
Of the dull death sea, keeps
Freezing the blessed light that falls from heaven
Upon its brow, it leaps
Into great whirlpits, and so, horror-driven,
Sinks in the deeps.
But as the mist
Goes from the sea, to ride upon the sky,
So shall the soul float up, to dwell on high;
And as the ancient streams, by sunlight kimed,
Doth ever fly
Unto the hills again,
So shall the dry and worthless cerement change,
And, like a risen rain,
Assume new forms, most wonderful and strange,
Of life again.

A. P.

STANZAS.

O come, fair maid, at this evening hour,
The dews are fallen on tree and flower;
And calm and bright as the stars above,
Are the eyes below which beam with love!
But flowers may bloom—stars beam on high,
Yet stars will set and flowers will die:
But woman's love to the silent tomb,
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom!

O come, fair maid, for the pale moon beam
Is light on earth, and chaste on stream;
But far more light is that radiant eye,
And far more chaste that virgin sigh!
For moons, alas! will set with night
And eyes grow dim which once were bright!
But woman's love to the silent tomb,
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom.

O come, my love, 'tis thy love calls,
The form he adores, from the banquet halls,
To the bower of roses, the silent grove,
To the bosom of peace and the arms of love!
For banquets cloy, which once were gay,
And bowers which flourish will soon decay;
But woman's love to the silent tomb,
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom!

THE SKYLARK.

FROM "SONGS BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD."

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea:
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth,
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and mountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then when the gloaming comes
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

PORTRAIT OF AN ITALIAN.

YET was there one, whose loftier mien
But seldom in those bowers was seen;
The scion of a time-worn race,
Though deck'd with every maiden grace;
A form whose fairy footsteps fell
As light as those of the gazelle;
An eye whose every glance confest
The free emotions of her breast;
A face in which were traits of love,
That seemed as they were fix'd above;
And yet, when of each guileless look,
A nearer view the gazer took,
It seemed as if a lover's sigh
Might draw a portion from the sky.

That face—I can recall it yet,
So deeply in my mind 'tis set;
'Twas not that bright unchanging hue,
That dazzles while it charms the view;
The long, distinct, and glittering light,
That woos us on a summer night;
Her's was that beauty, more refin'd,
That steals, like twilight on the mind,
So soft, so tender, and serene,
That none forget who once have seen;
And stern were he who could defy
The witchery of her pensive eye.

STANZAS.

THE flying joy through life we seek,
For once is ours: the wine we sip
Blushes like beauty's glowing cheek,
To meet our eager lip.

Round with the ringing glass once more!
Friends of my youth and of my heart,
No magic can this hour restore—
Then crown it ere it part.

Ye are my friends, my chosen ones—
Whose blood would flow with fervour true
For me—and free as this wine runs,
Would mine, by Heaven! for you.

Yet mark me! When a few short years
Have hurried on their journey fleet,
Not one that now my accent hears
Will know me when we meet.

Though now, perhaps, with proud disdain,
The startling thought ye scarce will brook,
Yet, trust me, we'll be strangers then,
In heart as well as look.

Fame's luring voice, and woman's wile,
Will soon break youthful friendship's chain—
But shall that cloud to night's glad smile?
No—pour the wine again!

TO THE EARTH.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

My mother: from whose fostering breast
This weak and fleeting substance came,
And where these limbs are doomed to rest
When thou reclaim'st the dying frame;
Within thy regions lone and deep
What wild and sullen horror dwells,
And how doth shapeless Mystery keep
His watch beside those viewless cells!

There slumber they, the sons of might—
Titanic forms—thine earliest mould,
Who dared the vollied thunder's flight,
And cleft the towering hills of old;
And chiefs who marked the battle bleed
When Time his infant course began;
And they, the Assyrian Hunter's seed,
The shielded kings, whose prey was man.

There in its tideless fury shed
For ever on those steadfast shores,
Bituminous and darkly spread,
The eye enduring ocean roars;
And mutters, bound and fettered fast,
The earthquake in its sullen ire;
And lurks the power whose sulphurous blast
Enrobes the rending mount with fire.

Thou hast thy treasures—jewelled caves,
With sanguine rubies richly dight,
And emeralds green as ocean's waves,
And diamond rocks like veins of light,
And sapphires whose unshaded blue
Seems drank from summer's cloudless skies,
And opals, as the iris hue,
Where morn's deep tintured glances rise.

Thou hast thy beauties—realms unknown,
Where murmuring music soft and low,
O'er onyx, and the sardine stone,
The cold petrific waters flow;
And sparry chambers dimly lit,
And shining groves and fretted bowers,
Where dreamy Silence loves to sit,
And Fancy proves her myriad powers.

Thou hast thine habitants—the horde
Of swarthy gnomes in vesture bright,
And elves who forge the mystic sword
And ebon panoply of night;
And black-winged dreams whose legion sweep
Embattled through the realm of rest;
And Phantasy, dim child of Sleep,
The Proteus of the slumbering breast.

Yet not for these thy sacred name
I breathe, and on thy presence call,
For thou dost boast a higher claim,
Time hallowed aid and home of all!
Thou pourest forth thy golden birth,
As heaven's own quickening influence free,
And blestest, in thy bounteous mirth,
The meanest hand that waits on thee.

The shades which mark this fleeting lot,
Man's trust or pride, with thee are vain;
The weak, the low, thou scornest not,
The feeble limb and captives chain:
Thou callest, and our feverish woes,
Scared at thy parent voice, depart,
And husheth in thy deep repose
The weary and the worn in heart.

And who shall view thee, even as now,
While fraught with life thy features lie,
With verdure on that sunny brow,
And gladness as a veil on high;
Nor think of what must briefly be,
In that stern hour of good or ill,
When Thou shalt urge the dread decree,
And whisper to the breast—be still!

B 2

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas, the huge drum makes reply!
Ere this has Lucas march'd with his gallant Cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our ears:
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas, white Guy is at the door;
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor:

Up rose the Lady Alice, from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret-stair;

Oh! many were the tears those radiant eyes had shed,
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and
glancing thread;

And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous fea-
tures ran,

As he said, "It is your Lady's gift, unfurl it in the van!"

It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride—
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon, and the black dra-
goon of Pride;

The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicker qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my Lady's gew-gaw flaunt bravely on their
wing,

And hear her loyal soldier's shout—for God and for the King.

'Tis noon—the ranks are broken along the Royal line;
They fly—the braggards of the Court, the bullies of the
Rhine!

Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm
is down,

And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a
frown;

And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-
night!"

The Knight is all alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain—
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
But still, he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout

"For Church and King—fair gentlemen, spur on, and fight it
out!"

And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a
stave,

And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he tells a knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of
fear;

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! but fearful odds are here
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Bellal—down with him to
the dust!"

"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Bellal's trusty
sword

This day were doing battle for the saints and for the Lord."

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower;

The grey-haired warden watches on the castle's highest
tower—

"What news, what news, old Anthony?"—"The field is lost
and won;

The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the sun;
And a wounded man speeds hither—I am old and cannot see,
Or, sure I am that sturdy step, my master's step should be."

"I bring thee back the standard from as rude and red a fray,
As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for minstrel's
lay:

Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor quantum suff—
I'll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot and buff;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing out
his life,

And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife.

"Sweet, we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for
France;

And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mischance:
Or, if the worst betide me, why better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a King, and Peters for a Pope!
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy! out on the crop-eared boor,
That sent me with thy standard on foot from Marston Moor!"

STANZAS.

BY E. M. FITZGERALD.

You ask me, gentle maiden,
 For a rhyme, as friendship's boon,
 But my spirit is o'er laden,
 My heart is out of tune;
 I may not breathe a poet's vow,
 My music is a name,
 And it seldom breaks its slumber now,
 For beauty or for fame.

Yet there are some who still can break
 The spell that round it clings,
 And gleams of thought, that yet awake
 Sweet murmurings from the strings;
 But then, with something of its old
 And long-forgotten art,
 Oh! there mingle tones that fall as cold
 As midnight on the heart.

I hung it on a blighted tree
 In a dream-remembered land,
 Where the waters ripple peacefully
 In their beauty to the strand;
 Beside my own lanthe's bower,
 Where I had traced her name,
 But from that most ill-omen'd hour,
 It never was the same.

Yet, though its gayer notes be flown,
 My spirit doth rejoice,
 When I deem that visionary tone
 The echo of her voice;
 For, like the voice of the evening breeze,
 When the autumn leaf it stirs,
 And a murmuring music is on the trees,
 Oh! just such a voice was her's.

Silent and sad, her tomb is there,
 And my early visions too;
 But her spirit is lingering in the air,
 And her tears are in the dew:
 And the light of her maidenly mournful eyes
 On her bower hath never set,
 For it dwells in the stars, and it gleams from the skies,
 On a lonely bosom yet.

THE APPEAL.

By that power which in man
 The might of intellectual mind,
 Which all height and depth can scan,
 Still waves o'er that in woman shrined;
 The sky-aspiring sympathies
 That spurn this world's realities,
 And from eager soul to soul
 Fly in fire without control—
 Thee I summon to surrender
 To the hopes which in me burn,
 And drink feelings deep and tender
 Heart from heart, as from an urn!

I listen to thy bird-like singing
 As to the music of some sphere,
 For in the depths of azure winging
 A hymning flight, which souls may hear
 That at midnight muse alone
 In a thought-world of their own;
 'Tis laden with a mystery deep,
 That falls like shadow on me—and I weep!

I look into thy deep blue eyes,
 And see thy soul reposing there,
 Like a rainbow in the skies;
 The creature of a smile and tear,
 Arching o'er each azure sphere;
 Oh! when shall love be closing there,
 Wearied with intense delight,
 As a blue flower in twilight;
 Or star-fires when the moon doth peer?
 I gaze upon them, till I sleep
 In an inebriate dream, and through my brain doth leap.

A mighty torrent of imaginings,
 Full starr'd with eyes and clothed with wings,
 All-seeing all-pervading—
 Excess of light my soul is shading!
 And unless thy heart accords
 That which love ne'er asks in words,
 My heart, even as my lyre, will lose its strings,
 And in dumb anguish die, like winter-stricken birds.

T. W.

BEAUTY VANISHED.

A CREATURE beautiful as dew-dipp'd roses,
 Symmetric as the goddess sprung in marble
 From out the sculptor's mind, deeply reposes
 In a rich sleep of thought; and the clear warble
 Of birds that greet Aurora in blue skies,
 Hath not a sound so holy as the sighs
 That part her fruit-like lips. Is she not dreaming
 A poesy inspired of panting love,
 Divine as that with which the heavens are streaming
 When the intense eye of the west is wove
 With the aurient sun-set? She is gone! I weep—
 For so all beauty passeth from the vision;
 And clouds of darkness o'er the spirit creep,
 Making of all her light obscure elision.

ON A HUMAN HEART.

And was this loathsome clod, which now I grasp,
 The vital centre of a wond'rous world,
 Warming a bosom for pale love to clasp?
 Was this foul mass the marvel, where enfur'd,
 Like waves along the mighty ocean curl'd,
 High feelings rose, that would the stars defy?
 Was this the throbbing and dilating thing,
 That lent all splendid beauty to the eye,
 Made the lip burn with holy melody—
 And floated Fancy on her rainbow-wing?
 It was—a living and a human heart!
 A sun of smiles—a solemn cloud of tears!
 What is it now?—Oh! let my soul depart!
 She's stricken, and her glory disappears.

APPIE M'GIE.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE KATRICK SHEPHERD.

O LOVE has done muckle in city and glen,
In tears of the women, an' vows of the men;
But the sweet little rogue, wi' his visions o' bliss,
Has never done aught sae unhallowed as this;
For, what do ye think?—at a dance on the green,
Afore the dew fell through the gleaming yestreen,
He has woundit the bosom and blindit the ee
Of the flower o' our valley, young Appie M'Gie.

Young Appie was sweet as the zephyr of even,
And blythe as the laverock that carols in Heaven
As bonny as ever was bud o' the thorn,
Or rose that unfolds to the breath o' the morn.
Her form was the fairest o' Nature's design,
And her soul was as pure as her face was divine.
Ah, Love! 'tis a shame that a model so true,
By thee should be melted and moulded anew.

The little pale flowerets blush deep for thy blame;
The fringe o' the daisy is purple wi' shame;
The heath-breeze, that kisses the cheeks o' the free,
Has a tint of the mellow soft-breathings of thee.
Of all the wild wasters of glee and of hue,
And eyes that have depth o' the ocean of blue,
Love, thou art the chief! and a shame upon thee,
For this deed thou hast done to young Appie M'Gie.

THE ROSE OF MAY.

BY CARNE, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE EAST."

I SAID the flower would bloom no more,
That wither'd yesterday;
That morning dews would ne'er restore
My lovely rose of May.
The future was too cold a thing
In my sweet dream to be;
The present rose, the present spring,
Are all of life to me.

I do remember well my grief,
When died my flower—and then
My joy, when time brought, leaf by leaf,
As sweet a flower again.
And then I said, "Farewell, despair,
Thou art no guest for me;
Whate'er I lose of bright or fair,
I hope again to see."

Alas! I've often wept since then,
And death has robb'd my bowers;
But even amidst the griefs of men,
I've comfort found in flowers.
For, if the bloom of love be brief,
And if Fame's crown be riven,
I would not turn life's fading leaf,
But look for spring in heaven.

A NEW-YEAR ODE.

"Thou art gone, Old Year, to thy fathers,
In the stormy time of snow,
In the endless vaults of Eternity,
Thy coffin's last of the row.
And some will pledge thy memory,
Till eyes and cups run o'er;
But never a drop would I waste on thee,
Hadst thou died six months before!

Sad cause have I to remember
The hour you showed your face—
That time the red gold lined my pouch,
My credit was in good case;
Now my purse is a feather—and credit
Is sped of a quick decline,
O it breaks my heart when, perforce, I pass
Mine old host's jolly sign!

I had a dear love and a winsome love,
Broad acres were her own,
We kiss'd an all-hail! to thy natal morn,
But she, even she, is flown!
I had a friend of the rarest,
We welcomed it merrily;
Now our hearts are as far asunder
As the stars and the rolling sea.

Thou hast play'd the churl with me, dead Year!
And shalt thou be forgiven?
No—by the prayer of beadsman young,
When erring maid is shriven!
Be thy name no more remembered,
For the ill deeds thou hast done,
To a friendless, loveless, penniless man,
Whose hopes are in thy son!"

STEAL THOU NOT MY FAITH AWAY!

BY CHARLES GILBORNE LYONS.

OH! steal thou not my faith away,
Nor 'tempt to doubt the trusting mind—
Let all that earth can yield decay,
But leave this heavenly gift behind:
Our life is but a meteor gleam,
Lit up amid surrounding gloom—
A dying lamp, a fitful beam,
Quench'd in the cold and silent tomb.

Yet if, as holy men have said,
There lies beyond that dreary bourne,
Some region where the faithful dead
Eternally forget to mourn:
Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,
The burning wild, the black abyss—
I shrink not from the path of pain,
Which endeth in a world like this.

But, oh! if all that nerves us here,
When grief assails and sorrow strings,
Exist but in a shadowy sphere
Of Fancy's weak imaginings;
If hopes, though cherished long and deep,
Be cold and baseless mockeries;
Then welcome that eternal sleep,
Which knoweth not of dreams like these.

Yet hush! thou troubled heart! be still;
Renounce thy vain philosophy;
Like morning on the misty hill
The light of Truth will break on thee:
Go—search the prophet's dearthless page—
Go—question thou the radiant sky—
And learn from them, mistaken sage!
The glorious words—"Thou shalt not die!"

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE friends with whom in youth I roved these woodland
dells among,
Have ceased their kindly sympathies—the birds have ceased
their song;
Stern ruin throws around the spot her melancholy hue,
She withers all she looks upon—and I am withered too!

For me no more the merry bells shall peal their evening
chime,
Or minstrels on the village green attune their rustic
rhyme!
The church that smiled so meekly once is falling to decay,
And all the happy choristers have long since passed away.

A few old stragglers wander still these solitudes around—
I dare not listen to their voice—it murmurs like the sound
Of waves that dash upon the coast of time for evermore,
And tell of tides that have gone by—of sunshine that is o'er;

Where once my mother's cottage rose, with fence of spotted
green,
A darksome marsh disperses now its vapours o'er the
scene;
Bade winter shade his drifting snows around the withering
thorn,
And dying is the yew that marked the spot where I was born.

And yet how blithely once it rose to meet the arching sky,
And blossomed in its majesty when last I wandered by!
The thrush amid its branches carolled sweetly to the breeze,
And hymn'd afar its woodland notes of happiness and ease!

Those cheerful hours have passed away, the village yew is
old,
And round it blows the winter breeze, so cutting and so
cold;
Soft music dies along its boughs, at evening's dim twilight,
And it seems in Fancy's eye to breathe the dirge of past de-
light.

It brings to mind my mother's voice when last she bade
"Good bye,"
And she clung to me with fondness, while a tear stood in
her eye;
"We'll meet in rapture soon," she cried, as hope assuaged
her pain,
But vain were all her joyous hopes—we never met again!

The hamlet friends that I have known are cold beneath the
sod,
Or bowed to earth in agony by care's envenomed rod;
The blight of utter solitude has rifled this sweet scene,
And scarce a mouldering stone remains to tell that it hath
been.

Oh! I could weep to see the gloom that time hath thrown
around,
And die at once, since I have felt this solitude profound,
That weighs my soul and tells it, all that once it loved to
see,
Has passed into the grave of things, and never more can be!

But slowly sinks the western sun—and reveries away!
Fain would my fancy still prolong each glimpse of parting
day;
Fain would I view my childhood's haunts by eve's decreas-
ing light—
It must not be—the sun has set—and all around is night!

Farewell! ye scenes to memory dear—time warns me to
depart,
I dare not speak—affliction chokes this desolated heart;
To other eyes yon solitudes may bright and beautiful be,
But they can never more be bright and beautiful to me.

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

What is Poesy, but to create
From over-feeling, good or ill, and aim
At an external life beyond our fate?
Bestowing fire from Heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain!
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea shore.

Byron's Prophecy of Dante.

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
My dirge is in thy moan,
My spirit finds response in thee,
To its own ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease!
Oh! let your hidden leaves be stirr'd,
And say, deep waters! can you give me peace?

Away!—my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human breasts—and will the wave reply?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
Sound in thy scorn and pride!
I ask not, alien world, from thee,
What my own kindred earth hath still denied!

And yet I loved that earth so well,
With all its lovely things!
Was it for this the death wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings?

Let them lie silent at my feet!
Since, broken even as they,
The heart, whose music made them sweet,
Hath pour'd on desert sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
The laurel wreath is mine—
With a worn heart, a weary frame,
O! restless Deep, I come to make them thine!

Give to that crown, that burning crown,
Place in thy darkest hold!
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold!

Thou sea bird, on the billow's crest,
Thou hast thy love, thy home!
They wait thee in the quiet nest—
And I—unsought, unwatch'd for—I too come!

I, with this winged nature fraught
These vials, brightly free,
This boundless love, this fiery thought—
Alone, I come! O! give me peace, dark Sea!

SONG.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Once the Queen of the East, at her Anthony's feast,
A pearl of high value dissolved in her wine;
But what was the glow that its blaze could bestow,
Compared to the jewel that's mingled in mine?

Then tell me no more the rich prize to explore,
In the caves of the ocean or depths of the mine,
'Tis a thought of my breast that must ne'er be express'd,
That I drop in my goblet to sweeten my wine.

FIRST AND LAST FLOWER.

Flower! earliest flower of Spring!
 Born before thy sisters fling
 From their heads the leafy veil,
 Hiding blossoms fair and pale—
 Born before the changeful sky
 Looks out with its proud, blue eye,
 ('Tis so full of trembling glee)
 For a moment steadily—
 Daisy floweret! how I love
 To watch thee, peeping first above
 The emerald blades of springing grass
 That brighten as the breezes pass.

Last dear flower! yet dearer far
 For the thoughts, thou earth-born star,
 That thou awak'st, than for thy bloom,
 Scatter'd thus o'er Nature's tomb;
 Thou art like the faith that first
 In the young warm heart is nursed,
 Keeping still its hallow'd ground,
 Whilst life's joys are young around,
 And blooming out in age, to bring
 The promise of another spring.

STANZAS.

Soon as welcome night lets fall,
 All so heavily—all so heavily,
 O'er the earth her dusky pall,
 All so heavily—all so heavily.

Overjoy'd again we'll meet,
 All so merrily—all so merrily;
 With light hearts and flying feet,
 And thrilling touch, and whisp'ring sweet,
 To trip it merrily—merrily.

Then will music's sprightly strain,
 Sounding cheerily—sounding cheerily,
 Charm away each ling'ring pain,
 All so merrily—merrily!

And when every brow is clear,
 And eyes beam witchingly—
 Eyes beam witchingly—
 Love will have forgot to fear,
 And beauty not disdain to hear,
 The suit that humbly courts her ear,
 Pleading touchingly—touchingly!

NO ONE IS MISSED.

The world is fair and gay to us,
 As now we journey on;
 Yet still 'tis sad to think 'twill be
 The same when we are gone:
 Some few, perchance, may mourn for us—
 But soon the transient gloom,
 Like shadows of a summer cloud,
 Shall leave the narrow tomb.

For men are like the waves that roll
 Along the mighty deep—
 That lift their crests awhile and frown,
 And then are lulled to sleep;
 While other billows swelling come,
 Amid the foam and spray,
 And, as we view their furrowy track,
 Sink down and—where are they?

And ever thus the waves shall roll,
 Like those but now gone past—
 The offspring of the depths beneath,
 The children of the blast,
 And ever thus shall men arise,
 And be like those that be,
 And man no more be missed on land,
 Than wave upon the sea.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Now lock my chamber-door, father,
 And say you left me sleeping;
 But never tell my step-mother
 Of all this bitter weeping:
 No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
 Or even a while relieve it;
 For there's a pang at my young heart
 That never more can leave it!

O let me lie and weep my fill
 O'er wounds that heal can never;
 And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will
 To close these eyes for ever—
 For how can maid's affections dear
 Recall her love mistaken?
 Or how can heart of maiden bear
 To know that heart forsaken?

O, why should vows so fondly made
 Be broken ere the morrow,
 To one who loved as never maid
 Loved in this world of sorrow?
 The look of scorn I cannot brave,
 Nor Pity's eye more dreary,
 A quiet sleep within the grave
 Is all for which I weary!

MAUREEN.

THE cottage is here as of old I remember,
The pathway is worn as it always hath been;
On the turf-piled hearth there still lives a bright ember—
But where is Maureen?

The same pleasant prospect still lieth before me—
The river—the mountain—the valley of green;
And Heaven itself (a bright blessing!) is o'er me—
But where is Maureen?

Lost! lost!—like a dream that hath come and departed;
(Ah, why are the loved and the lost ever seen!)
She has fallen—hath flown, with a lover false hearted—
So, mourn for Maureen!

And she who so loved her, is slain—(the poor mother!)
Struck dead in a day by a shadow unseen;
And the home we once loved is the home of another—
And lost is Maureen!

Sweet Shannon, a moment by thee let me ponder—
A moment look back at the things that have been—
Then, away to the world where the ruin'd ones wander,
To seek for Maureen!

Pale peasant—perhaps, 'neath the frown of high Heaven,
She roams the dark deserts of sorrow unseen,
Unpitied, unknown; but I—I shall know even
The ghost of Maureen!

THE LAST FAREWELL.

Oh! it came on the ear like the last solemn warning,
That breaks the rude slumber of misery's rest;
When the dreams of those joys we must leave in the morning,
For a moment gives balm to the bosom unblest.

Could it steal o'er the senses like that Theban portion,
Which curdles the mem'ry and deadens the brain;
Or whither the thought in its saddest emotion,
Or an antidote bring to the acme of pain.

Could it blight like the Syrian blast, we might sever
With one deadly pang from those friends we love best,
And sleep in oblivion, forgetting forever,
Those eyes that have blest us—those lips we have prest.

But it comes like the death-peal of hope—and no longer
The glittering visions we've cherish'd beguile,
And its deep cheerless tones, to impress it the stronger,
Will oftentimes die on a fugitive smile.

Hath pleasure no charm—nor diversion no gladness,
To sooth if not banish the pain of the past;
Cannot time, as it wears, lull the memory's sadness,
Or soften those sorrows that canker so fast?

Oh, no! when we part, recollection will borrow,
Past touches of bliss, but to quicken the sore:
Those eyes shall be bright that may meet on the morrow,
Those hearts will be sad that shall never meet more.

For the Lady's Book.

THOUGHTS OF THE DYING WARRIOR.

FAREWELL, illusions of the soul, I go unto the tomb,
Where all thy pleasures and thy pains are lost in endless gloom;

Where, o'er the passions of this life Oblivion's veil is thrown,
And thought ne'er finds a resting-place in worlds unknown.
I sought for Glory, and she came from the embattled field,
With all the honours and the same ambitious pride could yield;

Yet what are they? this aching heart, this fevered pulse
and brain,

But teach me that the laurel wreath has been entwined in
vain.

I sought amid the bowers of Love, to win fair Beauty's
smiles,

And Love came forth, and round my heart spread her en-
dearing wiles;

But they are gone! the modest blush that met Affection's gaze,
No more shall mantle on that cheek I once so loved to praise.

I sought for pleasure in the cup—away, away, the bowl!
The mantle of forgetfulness should never shroud the soul;
For there are thoughts, aye happy thoughts, of moments that
are past,

That linked with Hope still cling around our memories to
the last.

No more! illusion of the soul, I go unto the tomb,
Where all thy pleasures and thy pains are lost in endless gloom;

Where, o'er the passions of this life Oblivion's veil is thrown,
And thought ne'er finds a resting place in world's unknown.

CLIFFTON.

For the Lady's Book.

SONNET TO SHELLEY.

Oh! thou who gushest out at heaven's gate,
With an abounding song, of thin clear notes,
Like silver wires upon a frosty sky,
Ringing in shivered tones: oh, thou! elate
Among the five, that from the day-break floats;
Surging and soaring, higher and more high,
And wheeling off above the lonely woods,
And misty mountains, and blue ocean waves—
Where dimly clad in clouds, still mystery broods,
And fiery-eyed Philosophy, on floods
Of boundless beauty dost thou lay thy head,
And sing thyself to death, while round thee laves
A brilliant mist of fire of every hue,
And utmost beauty—when thy dear heart bled
Itself to death, did every breeze that blew,
Chant a sad song to each pale star it knew—
And wailing tones were heard by Fancy's ear,
Haunting the faded wood, and frosted leaves,
And moving on the anthem of the sere
And desolate Autumn, and the full and clear,
And gushing bird song, dimly wailed away
Into a moan—the fire that sunset weaves,
Grew dim at feel of thy last dying breath,
Clinging unto the banner of the breeze;
The stars grew lustreless, as if bright day
Breathed faintness on them—and the flowers and trees
Lost their abounding loveliness, when death
Had chilled thy soul, where beauty had her sway.

N. P.—Genesee.

For the Lady's Book.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

"Thou eagle-banner of the free!
Star spangled flag of Liberty!
In what far realm of cloudless light,
Of fervent unattemper'd noon,
Wing'd thy proud bird his infant flight,
Companion of the eternal Sun?

"In what new unknown firmament,
Whose radiance in its swift descent,
Still travels to the distant earth,
Dawn'd those bright stars of placid ray?
What glowing system owns their birth?
When was their glorious natal day?"

Thus while the eagle standard spread
Its starry drap'ry o'er his head,
A youthful sentry pour'd his song—
The list'ning moon rode clear on high,
And shed, as calm it roll'd along,
Effulgence on its blazonry.

Amid its folds, the ev'ning breeze
Wanton'd like birds in summer trees,
And rustling on through stripe and star,
The Zephyr in its careless play,
Wav'd the stern meteor flag of war,
And thus it said, or seem'd to say—

"Where was my banner'd eagle born!
On that high peak, that blue-wing'd morn
First touches with its earliest gleam;
There had the bird of Jove his birth—
There flash'd his eye's unconquer'd beam,
The pinnacle of all the earth!

"Sublime above the rolling cloud,
The hoary mountain's misty shroud,
He gaz'd from his imperial stance,
To where Helvetia's noble Tell
Loose'd his keen shaft with falcon glance,
And Gessler, proud oppressor, fell.

"Where dawns'd my stars! in other sphere,
Than mortal man may dream of here—
Where neither sun's unborrow'd fire,
Nor the pale moon with crescent dim,
Light the high heaven's golden lyre,
Responsive to the seraphs' hymn.

"When the bland spirit brooded o'er
Old Chaos, void and dark before,
This beaming Constellation rose,
And through the cloudless vault on high,
Upon a world's unmov'd repose,
Pour'd the pure ray of liberty."

Responded thus the ev'ning wind,
Or Fancy to the sentry's mind,
Whispered the playful Zephyr's tale:
The morrow came—'mid charging horse,
The flashing steel, the cannon's hall,
That flag wav'd o'er the sentry's corse.

8.

For the Lady's Book.

THE MOOR'S LAMENT.

On the silent shore an old man stood,
His locks were white and spare—
And he gaz'd upon the sullen flood,
With a melancholy air.

Deep plung'd in reverie, he seem'd
That sad and lonely one—
As if of days gone by, he dream'd
Of joys decay'd and flown.

And ever and anon he would
Lift up his hollow eye,
And peer as if beyond the flood
Some far-off land to spy.

Vainly his vision wander'd wide,
Tho' bright the heaven's hue,
And calm and smooth the ocean tide,
Nought met his searching view.

The tear-drops gather'd in his eye,
And roll'd his cheek adown,
And his bosom heav'd an aching sigh,
And sad he stood and lone,

'And, ah!' he cried, 'shall I ne'er again
Thy lovely shores behold,
Delightful Spain! delightful Spain!
Where my fathers dwelt of old?'

Thine is the land wherein beauteous glow—
The flower and fruit unite—
O'er beds of gold thy rivers flow,
And thy heaven is pure and bright.

My joyous days of youth were sped,
'Mid thy fountains cool, and bowers,
Ere the sons of the prophet, sorrowing fled,
From the sword of the haughty Gidours.

Grenada! Grenada! thy lofty walls
Are levell'd to the ground—
The maidens and swains, that danc'd in thy halls,
Are there no longer found.

The stranger has made the Alhambra his home—
Each beauteous grove, and bow'r,
And fountain, reflecting the orange tree's bloom,
Hath pass'd to the infidel's pow'r.

The sons of the prophet are scatter'd wide—
In distant realms they stray;
They weep when they think of their fallen pride,
And their splendour past away.

And with constant pray'r their hearts implore
The God who reigns above,
That again to their hopes he would restore
The country of their love.

And shall not mine aged eyes again
Thy lovely shores behold—
Delightful Spain! delightful Spain!
Where my fathers dwelt of old?

J. L. M.